

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,  
But I in danger for the breach of Law.  
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:  
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,  
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,  
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

*Gloft.* And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?  
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*My Nell,* I take my leave: and Master Sherife,  
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

*Sh.* And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:  
And Sir *Iohn Stanley* is appointed now,  
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

*Gloft.* Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

*Stanly.* So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

*Gloft.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,  
And I may lue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.  
And so Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

*Eliano.* What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-  
well?

*Gloft.* Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

*Exit Gloster.*

*Eliano.* Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,  
For none abides with me: my Loy, is Death;  
Death, at whose Name I oft haue bene afear'd,  
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie,  
*Stanley*, I prethee goe, and take me hence,  
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;  
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

*Stanley.* Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,  
There to be vs'd according to your State.

*Eliano.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

*Stanley.* Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humphreyes* Lady,  
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

*Eliano.* Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,  
Although thou hast bene Conduet of my shame.

*Sherife.* It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

*Eliano.* I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:  
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

*Stanley.* Madame, your Penance done,  
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

*Eliano.* My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:  
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,

And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.  
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

*Exeunt*

*Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,  
Torke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,  
to the Parliament.*

*King.* I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

*Queene.* Can you not see? or will ye not obserue  
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.

We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,  
Immediately he was vpon his Knece,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.  
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,  
When euery one will giue the time of day,  
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,  
And passeth by with stiffe vnbow'd Knece,  
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they gryne,  
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,

And *Humphrey* is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in descent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,

Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,

And his aduantage following your decease,

That he should come about your Royall Person,

Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,

Suffer them now, and they le o're-grow the Garden,

And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:

Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Reproue my allegation, if you can,

Or else conclude my words effectuall.

*Suff.* Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:

And had I first bene put to speake my minde,

I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,

Vpon my Life began her diuellish practise:

Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,

Yet by repute of his high descent,

As next the King, he was successiue Heire,

And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,

Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,

And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.

The Fox barks not, when he would steale the Lambe.

No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloster* is a man

Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

*Card.* Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,

Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

*Torke.* And did he not, in his Protectorship,

Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,

For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.

*King.* My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,

To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,

Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,

Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,

From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,

As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:

The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,

To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

*Qu.* Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?

Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

For hee's disposed as the hateful Rauon.

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

*For*

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauonous Wolues.  
Who cannot, steale a shape, that meanes deceit?  
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

*Enter Somerset.*

*Som.* All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne:  
*King.* Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

*Som.* That all your Interest in those Territories,  
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

*King.* Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

*Torke.* Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,  
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,  
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:

But I will remedie this geare ere long,  
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Gloft.* All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:  
Pardon my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

*Suff.* Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,  
Vntill thou wert more loyall then thou art:

I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

*Gloft.* Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.

The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,  
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

*Torke.* 'Tis thought, my Lord,  
That you tooke Bribes of France,

And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,  
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

*Gloft.* Is it but thought so?

What are they that thinke it?

I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,  
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France:

So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,  
I Night by Night, in studying good for England.

That Doie that ere I wrested from the King,  
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,

Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,  
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,

Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,  
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

*Card.* It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

*Gloft.* I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

*Torke.* In your Protectorship, you did deuise  
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of:

That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

*Gloft.* Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,  
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an Offenders teares,  
And lowly words were Ransome for their faults:

Vntill it were a bloody Murderer,  
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleed poore passengers,

I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.

Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd  
About the Felon, or what Trespas else.

*Suff.* My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:  
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,  
And here commit you to my Ward:

To keepe, vntill your further  
King. My Lord of Gloster

That you will cleare your selfe  
My Conscience tells me you

*Gloft.* Ah gracious Lord,

Vertue is choakt with foule  
And Charitie chas'd hence by

Foule Subornation is predo  
And Equitie exil'd your Hig

I know, their Complot is to  
And if my death might make

And proue the Period of the  
I would expend it with all w

But mine is made the Prolog  
For thousands more, that yet

Will not conclude their plot  
*Beaufords* red sparkling eyes

And *Suffolke* cloudie Brow h  
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburth

The enuious Load that lyes  
And dogged *Torke*, that reach

Whose ouer-weening Arme  
By false accuse doth leuell at

And you, my Soueraigne La  
Causelesse haue lay'd disgrac

And with your best endeuo  
My liefest Liege to be mine

I, all of you haue lay'd your  
My selfe had notice of your

And all to make away my g  
I shall not want false Witne

Nor store of Treasons, to au  
The ancient Prouerbe will l

A Staffe is quickly found to  
*Card.* My Liege, his ray

If those that care to keepe y  
From Treasons secret Knife

Be thus vpbayed, chid, and  
And the Offendor graunted

'Twill make them coole in z  
*Suff.* Hath he not twit ou

With inominious words,  
As if he had suborned fom

False allegations, to o'rethr  
*Qu.* But I can giue the l

*Gloft.* Farre truer spoke th  
Beshrew the winners, for th

And well such losers may h  
*Buck.* Hee's wrest the sen

Lord Cardinall, he is your P  
*Card.* Sirs, take away the

*Gloft.* Ah, thus King Hen  
Before his Legges be firme

Thus is the Shepherd beat  
And Wolues are gaurting,

Ah that my feare were false,  
For good King *Henry*, thy d

*King.* My Lords, what to  
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe

*Queene.* What, will you  
ment?

*King.* I *Margaret*: my hea  
Whose flood begins to flow

My Body round engyrt wit